

home, my old associations, and my old life—the lines are hard to bear—"Thy will not mine be done."

Once I thought my cross to heavy,
And my heart was sore afraid,
Summoned forth to stand a witness
For the cause of truth betrayed.

"Send, O Lord," I prayed, "some Simon,
As of old was sent to Thee."
"Be a Simon," said the Master,
"For this cross belongs to me."

Still is crucified my Saviour,
I myself must a Simon be;
Take my cross and walk humbly
Up the slopes of Calvary.

